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## COMMON SENSE.

Of all the gifts this side of Heaven
That ever were to mortals given,
The best to have, the worst to miss,
The truest, sweetest source of bliss—
The one rail left of Eden's fence—
Stands the pure charm of common sense.

To earn our right to "daily bread,"
To not regret when time is fled,
To wisely speak and act and think,
To keep life's boat from ruin's brink,
To balance every hour's expense—
We need the aid of common sense.

Sometimes, no doubt, we need to view
The lightning bolts some genius threw;
But now we need, well mixed and stirred,
With silent thought or spoken word—
A sort of human fool's defense—
The wholesome aid of common sense.

Some things, perhaps, must still be taught,
Where mighty minds their power inwrought;
But how to guard the priceless wealth
Of peace and love, of youthful health,
And how to keep our own few pence,
Is taught alone by common sense.

We pray for faith, and light, and peace,
For sin's remove, and love's increase,
For strength to meet the tempter's power,
For dying grace for dying hour—
But now, right in the present tense,
Give us, O Lord! good common sense.

To keep from useless jar and strife,
And bless the changing path of life.
To make each fountain purer still,
To take from loss it's fatal chill,
And bring thy own sweet recompense,
We bow to thee, blest common sense.
—O. S. Ross, in Boston Transcript.

## An Adventure in Morocco.

OF ALL the Barbary states, Morocco is the most oriental in character, and to-day retains all the usages and customs of the time of Mahomet. Tripoli, Tunis and Algeria, under French influence, have become greatly modernized; railroads and the conveniences of civilization have been introduced, until the town of Algiers has been called "Little Paris;" but Morocco, under the despotic rule of the sultan, still holds to its barbaric customs.

Not a wheeled vehicle is allowed within the dominions of the "Father of the Faithful," and all merchandise must be transported upon the backs of camels, mules or men. The country is rough and unbroken; bridle paths lead from one settlement to another, and the natives have such a fanatical prejudice against foreigners and innovations that progress under the circumstances is an impossibility. The Moors are intense fatalists, holding that what is good enough for their fathers must suffice for themselves.

Indicative of the aversion of the Arabs to any improvement presented by foreigners is the following incident: The promoters of a British cable company, upon the failure of repeated attempts to gain consent to establish a terminal for their line in Tangier, bethought them of a novel idea. One of their repair steamers being provided with numerous electrical appliances, such as motors, fans and miniature railroads, anchored in the bay opposite the city. The sultan was given a banquet on board, and, the contrivances pleasing him, the whole lot was presented to him, delighting him so much that he straightway gave the company the desired permission. The cable was laid and all the trouble believed to be at an end, but the orthodox Moor, not having been subsidized, as had been his royal master, conceived that both his feelings and his religion had been outraged by the "Christian dogs." Accordingly one dark night he went down to the beach and cut the cable with an ax. The line was repaired, but whenever any Arab had a grievance against the hated foreigner he immediately applied his efforts to destroy the cable. It was repaired three times, when the company resolved upon this expedient: One dark night the cable was taken up and carried underground to the office and a dummy cable was laid in plain sight for a few hundred feet. The device was successful, and, although Mr. Moor often took occasion to chop the dummy to pieces, for a long time the whereabouts of the true cable was unknown.

The international lighthouse on Cape Spartel, at the entrance to Gibraltar straits, is one of the points of interest in this neighborhood. It is supported by the maritime nations of the world, marking a point very dangerous to navigators, and is situated opposite the old Spanish town of Tarifa, whence we derive our word tariff, this town being the first place where such duty was levied.

One morning, accompanied by two English acquaintances and an interpreter and guide, a Spanish Jew, the writer set forth to visit this celebrated light.

After two hours of rough riding, we drew up at the lighthouse terrace, where the keeper, a pleasant old German, furnished refreshment for man and beast. We then spent an hour or two inspecting the lighthouse and looking through the big telescope by which all vessels are sighted.

One of my English friends had heard of some wonderful caves situated upon the Atlantic side, and, much against the advice of our host and the guide, we resolved to visit them and return to Tangiers by a roundabout way. It was urged that this way being much longer, we should not reach home until after dark, and as the only inhabitants of the country were the nomadic tribes of rough, lawless, shepherds, the venture would be extremely hazardous. It is dangerous for a foreigner to go a mile outside the city limits after nightfall without a soldier, and many travelers by so doing have been robbed, sometimes losing their lives.

But the Englishman was determined; for, having a kodak, he purposed getting some views of these nearly unknown caves. After some hard riding over rough mountain paths, the loose stones flying from under our mules' feet, and in some places so steep that we were obliged to dismount and lead our animals, we came upon two shepherds who were smoking by a spring. Learning from them that the caves were several miles beyond and as it was getting late in the day, we thought it prudent to take the path for home.

We had not gone more than two miles when we arrived before a small collection of shepherd huts and tents, in front of which a number of women and children were seated. Stopping to inquire the road and to refresh our mules with spring water, the Englishman thought to obtain pictures of this wild and picturesque group.

Now among the country Arabs there is a strong supersition regarding the camera; they looking upon the lens as the Evil Eye and believing that one at whom it is directed will be bewitched and certain to suffer from some calamity.

Our guide, seeing the Englishman unsling the camera, called to him to desist, and we, having heard of this superstition, which amounts to fanaticism, added our protests, but in vain; and no sooner did the women see the kodak leveled at them, than they set up a fearful shrieking and turned to run for the houses. At the sound of their cries, from nearly every rock and bush a man sprang into view and rushed toward us. The Englishman, thinking to appease them, held up a Spanish dollar to the fleeing women, but the men mistaking his motive, believed it to be an insult to their wives, and, gathering stones, began to pelt us from a distance.

Our guide cried for us to mount and ride for our lives, and indeed we needed no other encouragement. At the first volley the camera was hopelessly ruined, and for one I was heartily glad. Away we went at a breakneck gallop, and our mules, being struck by flying stones and worried by the fierce dogs of the shepherds, were soon unmanageable. The trail being so narrow that but one mule might pass at a time, I had the post of honor, if it may be so called, being well in the rear; the guide was far ahead with the Englishman, who had caused all the trouble, a close second.

During that ride I enjoyed much the same sensations as the renowned Gilpin may have experienced, my legs flying in the air and clutching wildly at the pommel of the high Arab saddle. The Arabs are notoriously fleet of foot, and followed us in a howling mob. Our pace was so rapid that it destroyed their aim, but I was struck several times in the

AWAY WE WENT.

back, and once in the head, the last nearly knocking me from my mule.

The Arabs pursued us for about five miles, till at last we heard their cries grow fainter in the distance, and finally cease. It was a sorry band that halted about two miles farther on to repair damages. I was the greatest sufferer, being so lame that I could hardly sit my mule.

Our guide informed us that our greatest danger had lain from the path being so circuitous and precipitous, for the Arabs might easily have run ahead over the hills and, arousing the country, have headed us off. We were obliged to travel very slowly for the rest of the way to avoid holes and pitfalls, and darkness falling suddenly, as it does in this climate, we made poor progress. At last, however, the lights of Tangier appeared in the distance, and we were soon at our hotel.

The landlord, to whom we recounted the adventure, assured us that our good fortune was due to the fact that the shepherds were poor class Arabs, having no guns, and inasmuch as we had taken his advice in hiring his mules rather than the horses of the Irish stablekeeper, as the mules were far surer-footed.

However that may have been, I was perfectly content to congratulate him on his foresight, and retired with the firm resolution never to venture beyond the city limits, unless escorted by at least a regiment of the native soldiery.—Detroit Free Press.

### Keeping Up Appearances.

A performance of "The Barber" was being given in honor of Rossini in the local theater. While the overture was in full swing he noticed a huge trumpet in the orchestra, manifestly blown with remarkable force and continuity by a member of the band; but not a sound in the least akin to the tone of that instrument could he hear. At the close of the performance, he interviewed the conductor, and asked him to explain the purpose of the noiseless trumpet. He answered: "Maestro, in this town there was not a living soul who can play the instrument; therefore I specially engage an artist to hold one up to his lips, binding him by an oath not to blow into it, for it looks well to have a trumpet in an operatic orchestra."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## STILL A "WIDDER."

### The Gallants Deserted When They Discovered Her Poverty.

When somebody started a rumor one day at Injun Creek that Widow Shepardson had just fallen heir to $5,000 there was a cyclonic rush of suitors for her cabin that carried everything before it, and the widow, who sat on her doorstep smoking a corncob pipe, nearly fainted from surprise when the excited crowd piled into the yard and shouted as one man:

"Widder, will ye marry me?"

"Shoo!" she faintly ejaculated, when she could get her breath and realized what was wanted of her. "It's tooken this crowd a powerful long time to ask me that queshun, and I hope yer in airnest?"

"I ar'!" everybody exclaimed, bowing and smirking.

"Sure it's me yer arter, eh?" she rather anxiously queried.

"Yo bet!" was the hearty reply.

"Wall, then, boys, it's the Widder Shepardson's bizness to make one o' ye happy, but don't ye rush her. She's goin' to set right yere and pick the man with the best record if it takes a month and she gits left in the end. Spit out yer records, some o' ye."

Every one who had a record, and every one who hadn't, began talking at once, but after a moment Broncho Bill drew his guns, demanded silence, and said:

"Now, ye critters keep shet, and let her h'ar us one at a time. Jest hold on till I tell the dear widder that I'm one o' the fittinist fighters in the kentry, ought to be in the legislashure if I had my rights, and what's more to the p'int, I licked her departed one in a f'ar fout two weeks afore he died. If ye want a man with a record, widder, I reckon mine'll fetch ye."

"It's purty f'ar, Bill," she replied, "but jest let me ask ye what amount o' cash ye kin call yer own?"

"Cash!" he exclaimed in great surprise. "What difference kin that make to a widder with $5,000 cash of her own?"

"But—but I hain't got no $5,000 cash, Bill."

"W-h-a-t!" shouted the boys, as they stopped elbowing each other and fell back in amazement. "Ye hain't wuth $5,000!"

"Sho! in course not; but less talk about this marryin' bizness. Now, I'm perfeckly willin' to—"

But Broncho Bill stampeded the crowd by leading a break for the road, and although the Widow Shepardson gave pursuit they were soon lost to view in a cloud of dust. And, as Cantankerous Charley remarked half an hour later, as the breathless crowd lined up for some "pizen" at the bar of the Cactus saloon:

"The Widder Shepardson are still a widder, and bound to be fur all I kin do in the case."—N. Y. Journal.

## A MEDICAL WARNING.

### Medicine Should Never Be Carelessly Taken.

In regard to liniments, let me warn you of the fact that most of the liniments which have great power for good contain sufficiently large quantities of such powerful drugs as ammonia, chloroform, aconite or opium to produce serious or even fatal poisoning if taken internally, and therefore bottles containing liniments should not be placed in the closet with bottles containing medicines for internal use. Further than this, liniment bottles should always be of a peculiar shape or bear a mark so startling or peculiar in its appearance as to call attention to the fact that the liniment is poisonous if taken internally.

All medical men of large experience have frequently met with cases in which patients have placed a bottle of medicine to their lips and taken a draught of its contents in a dark room, under the impression that there was "only one bottle upon the shelf," when in reality some other member of the family had placed other bottles there. In this way serious cases of poisoning have occurred. In other instances a wife, rising in the night to give some medicine to her husband or child, has picked up the wrong bottle in the dim light and administered a fatal dose with terrible result.

Where medicine is ordered in drops you should always obtain a medicine dropper from a drug store and avoid attempting to drop the medicine from the bottle, as it requires a very steady hand and accurate counting to avoid a mistake.

Finally, let me warn you against one common habit, which is closely connected with the use of bottles containing old medicines, and is strongly condemned by oculists, who most frequently meet with it—the habit of preserving old medicine droppers, which have been used for dropping fluids into the eye. Quite frequently powerful medicines dry in these droppers and when they are used some months afterward for the introduction of eye washes they produce symptoms which very seriously alarm the patient and which may to some extent mystify the practitioner.—H. A. Hare, M. D., in Chautauquan.

### Bean Soup.

There are a great many people who "don't know beans" so far as cooking them properly is concerned, according to the new hygiene of foods. The Journal of Hygiene gives this recipe for a perfectly nutriticus and entirely digestible bean soup: Soak the beans over night in water to which a little soda has been added. In the morning rub them well to remove the skins, which are indigestible and the cause of the gases generated by eating beans. Put the beans in a kettle, cover with cold water, boil till tender, then wash through a fine sieve. Have a quart of rich milk heating in a double boiler, and stir into the beans till of the proper consistency. Season to taste. This is very nutritious, and especially good for delicate people.—Detroit Free Press.

## OLD POSTAL USAGES.

### Curious Phases of the Early English Mail Service.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne there were no telegraphs in this country and few railways. The mails were forwarded by coach, and the postage rates were to all but the well-to-do prohibitive. It cost 4d to 1s 8d to send a "single" letter under an ounce in weight from one part of the kingdom to another. There were some 40 charges, varying according to distance, the average rate being 9d, or half the day's wage of a laborer. A "single" letter meant a single piece of paper (adhesive envelopes had not been invented), and the addition of a second scrap of paper made the letter a "double" one. The postage was paid on delivery by the recipient; and as no credit was given the incursion of a postman into a poor neighborhood was watched on all sides with fear rather than hope.

Coleridge, the poet, saw a poor woman declining to accept a letter on the score of inability to pay. The good-natured bard (doubtless with some difficulty) found the required ninepence, despite the woman's remonstrances. When the postman had gone away she showed Coleridge that the letter was but a blank sheet of paper. Her brother had arranged to send her at intervals such a sheet, addressed in a certain fashion, as evidence that all was well with him, and she as regularly, after inspecting the address, refused to accept it. Some humorist on one occasion sent out large numbers of letters, each on a sheet as large as a tablecloth, all of which had to be delivered as "single" missives.

This system practically stifled written intercourse among the working class, and pressed with severity upon the middle class, but the rich and highly placed entirely escaped postal taxation. The privilege of franking covered the correspondence not only of ministers, peers and members of parliament, but of their relatives, friends and acquaintances. While in one year early in the queen's reign no less than 7,400,000 letters were franked, a single London firm paid annually £11,000 for postage, and a writer in the Quarterly referred flippantly to "so slight and rare an incident in a laborer's life as the receipt of a letter." Among the "packets" franked was a grand piano. An army of clerks was employed to fix the charges to be collected, and the postal revenue remained stationary between 1815 and 1835, although in the same period the population increased from 19,500,000 to 25,600,000.

Moved by this state of things, parliament in 1839 adopted Rowland Hill's proposal of uniform inland penny postage, which came into operation on January 10, 1840. The writer possesses a copy of the Quarterly Review of 1839, in which a contributor (believed to be Croker) fiercely denounces the scheme. "Will clerks," he says, "write only to their fathers and girls to their mothers? Will not letters of romance or love, intrigue or mischief, increase in at least equal proportions? We doubt whether social and domestic correspondence will be more than doubled." A gigantic exemplification of the old proverb: Pennywise and pound foolish, etc.

Macaulay says that the penny post, when first established, was the object of violent invective, as a manifest contrivance of the pope to enslave the souls of Englishmen. It was described as "sedition made easy." The postal authorities, who in 1784 had opposed the institution of mail coaches, were implacable enemies of penny postage. The postmaster-general of 1839 (Lord Lichfield) based his objections on the curious ground that the building at St. Martin's-le-Grand would not be large enough. The secretary, Col. Maberly, constantly repeated: "This plan we know will fail."

As we know, it succeeded, and the penny rate has been generally adopted in Europe, as well as in the United States. The number of letters rose from 80,000,000 in 1837 to 299,000,000 in 1847; and for the year ending on March 31, 1897, they must be about 1,900,000,000. The postal surplus was in 1839 £1,659,510, and in 1896-'97 £3,632,133. The number of letters, which was in 1837 about three per head and in 1854 15 per head, is now 77 per head.—London Fortnightly Review.

### Laughter and Wrinkles.

Nine persons out of ten, if asked to give what they consider the cause of wrinkles, would probably reply that it is worry and care. This, however, is by no means always the case, for, as a matter of fact, many of them come from laughing. There is, after all, an art in laughter, and to know how to laugh is really quite as important as to know when to do so. If you laugh with the sides of the face the skin will work loose in time, and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with the kind of laugh you indulge in. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semi-circular wrinkles covering his cheeks. A gambler who is accustomed to suppress his feelings generally has a deep line running from each side of his nose to the upper corner of his mouth, which in time extends to the chin, forming the shape of a half-moon. A cadaverous person is usually marked with two wrinkles, one on the jaw and the other under the eye, meeting at right angles at the cheek bones. The students' wrinkles form on the brow, while those of the schemer come round his eyes and resemble the spokes of a wheel.—N. Y. Ledger.

### Why He Was Angry.

"What makes Biggs look so sour at you?"

"O, he was talking about reincarnation and that sort of stuff, and declared that we have all lived before. 'Why,' he said, 'I know I am a mere accident in this world.'"

"But what made him mad?"

"I told him not to let it occur again."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## SHOOTING A RHINOCEROS.

### Two of Them Charged a Hunter in an African Forest.

Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr describes his experiences "After Big Game in Africa and India." Shortly after bagging his first elephant, the author started after the two-horned rhinoceros. He gives the following account of his experience:

As I came round a bush I saw at the bottom of a kind of natural alley in the in the forest, framed in like a picture by the trees, a massive old female rhinoceros. She was facing me, and standing half in sunshine, half in shadow. From a bush protruded the hind quarters of another. Signing to the Somalis to keep back, I instantly sat down and "drew a bead" upon her chest. The distance was about 70 yards, and although the wind was adverse to her, and we made no noise, she must have seen us like moving shadows in the trees, and was evidently full of suspicion and distrust.

If I ever took careful aim it was at that moment, and under cover of the smoke I shifted my position as the rhinoceros came charging down upon us, giving three or four sharp whiffs like jets of steam, evidently with the intention of clearing the enemy away from the rear before making her escape toward the front against the wind. Having, as she supposed, effected this maneuver—a very usual one on the part of the rhinoceros—she swerved off, and the two broke away across the forest, crash after crash dying away in the distance, marking their course as they receded. On perceiving the rhinoceros go off apparently uninjured, my Somalis gave full vent to their disappointment, making extravagant gestures and using what sounded like bad language, yet still in half-whispers, as they knew instinctively that the animal might not have gone far after all, especially if the one I had fired at had really received a mortal wound.

The tracks we now followed were deep holes and furrows imprinted by the animals at full speed. We had not gone far before I again saw the larger of the two rhinoceroses standing broadside on, and quite motionless, under a bush which concealed the head. Giving my three Somalis to understand that they must remain quiet, I aimed once more at the animal's shoulder, taking care that no twig or branch was in the line of fire, knowing how easily a bullet may become deflected. My shot was followed by a couple of short, angry snorts, the stamp of heavy feet, and an appalling crashing, which advanced and then swept round toward the left. Another cautious advance on our part, and not far off I saw near the center of an open space the smaller of the two rhinoceroses, but not the larger one.

A shot delivered standing, from the shoulder, was followed by two shrill squeaks, as the animal tottered a few paces and fell over on its side—a sound most disproportionate to the size and bulk of so large a creature, but which I instantly recognized, from Sir Samuel Baker's description, as the death-cry of the rhinoceros; and the hearing of it filled me with a hunter's joy. While I was reloading the Somalis had crept forward with their spears, relying upon their own agility in evading any charge delivered by the larger one, which I knew must surely be somewhere near at hand. After peering over a low bush they executed a war dance upon the ground beyond, for there were the two rhinoceroses lying stone dead almost side by side. My Somalis gave way to shout and exuberant mirth; they were transformed from scowling fiends, soured by the white man's folly, into radiant brown angels, and I allowed them to stroke my face and pat me on the back without a reprimand.—Century.

### A Forgotten Author.

The oldest American man of letters is Theodore S. Fay, now living abroad at Berlin, at the age of 90. He is mostly forgotten, and his books are all out of print. Yet he was a man of some note in the literature of his day. His novels, "Norman Leslie" and "Hoboken," were in every circulating library, and were widely read, 50 years and more ago. He was a contemporary of Irving, Willis, Bryant, Halleck, Percival and others of that period. He had a position in the diplomatic service, being given the place of minister to Switzerland by President Van Buren, who was very kind toward literary men. Irving was appointed minister to Japan by him, Hawthorne had his position in the Boston custom house during his administration, Bancroft was made collector of the port of Boston, and James K. Spaulding, who had written at least one novel, was a member of his cabinet. It was noted as a curious fact at that time that the literary men of the country were generally democrats. Mr. Fay has never resided at home since he lost his foreign mission. The charms of European life were too much for him.—Boston Herald.

### The Kings of Siam and Italy.

An account of a drive which the king of Siam recently made with King Humbert during his visit to Rome is published here in Paris. The two sovereigns drove through parts of the city in which the ecclesiastical element is very largely represented. The royal carriage having passed before several groups of seminarists, the king of Siam noticed that these did not follow the example of civilians and salute King Humbert. "Have you noticed," he finally said to the king, "that these men with large hats, who look at us so fixedly, do not salute?" "Ah! yes," replied King Humbert, indifferently; "that is because they are attached to the vatican." But this did not appear to the king of Siam to be a good enough reason, for he replied in the most natural manner in the world: "Is it because you have no gibbets?" King Humbert explained that these things were of a past age, and that in Italy the death penalty had long ago been abolished.—London Post.

## CHASED BY HUNGRY PORPOISES.

### Remarkable Experience of a Man in a Skiff with Fresh Meat.

Olie Iverson, who owns a ranch on McNeil's island, near the United States penitentiary at Tacoma, Wash., had an experience the other day he is not likely to forget for many a long day, and, while it was undoubtedly a very serious affair for Iverson, it was an amusing episode to an Olympia excursion party that witnessed it.

The incident occurred to Iverson while he was crossing from the mainland to his island home. When in Tacoma the ranchman had purchased a quarter of a hog, intending to salt it down for future use.

Shortly after he left Steilacoom in his skiff he noticed a large school of porpoises following in his wake, but it never occurred to him that the carcass in the boat had any connection with the school of sea pigs following his boat.

When he was about in midchannel the school, which numbered about 150, began to close in on him and two of the leaders began to work up alongside of his skiff. By this time the rancher was scared and he bent all his energies to reach the island shore, but his efforts to pull away from his fishy pursuers proved futile, for he might just as well try to outrow a tornado as to attempt to escape from fleet-tailed sea hogs.

As Iverson was nearing the shore and when almost directly opposite the United States penitentiary, the two large porpoises that for about 20 minutes had been swimming so close to the boat that he had struck them several times with his oars, suddenly shot out of the water into the boat, knocking the rancher overboard with such force as to break one of his ribs and upset the skiff. For a short time the water about his boat had the appearance of a miniature maelstrom as the hungry sea hogs fought and quarreled for the carcass of the land pig.

Iverson swam to his skiff and clung to the gunwale. Will Jenkins, who lives near the Bosworth landing, hearing the racket and seeing the latter part of the trouble, put off in his boat and rescued him from his extremely perilous position.

Dr. Macklinson, of Steilacoom, was sent for and dressed the man's wounds and prescribed for him. The doctor reports that his patient will be all right in a few days, but his patient says that he will sell his ranch cheap, for, he says, although he has been a meat eater all his life, yet so long as he has to live on the island he will never attempt to take meat over in a rowboat. Anyway, he says that he has to take too many chances, or, as he expressed it: "I don't mind being held up on a street car or highway, but I do draw the line at being robbed in broad daylight of my ration of bacon by a measly lot of wild sea hogs."—Chicago Chronicle.

## SWITCHING LOCOMOTIVES.

### The Superiority of Electricity Over Steam as a Motor.

The most striking thing about the behavior of the electric locomotive is the certainty with which it may be moved over short distances, varying from a few inches to a few feet. The obedience of the motors to the controller is practically instantaneous, thus doing away at one stroke with one of the chief drawbacks to steam switching engines, with which there is a noticeable delay between the time when the throttle valve is opened and the pistons begin to move, in this way often causing the engineer, no matter how careful he may be, to overshoot his mark.

This delay in action, while generally only a few seconds in each case, amounts up seriously in the course of a whole day's work and is the chief cause of the proverbial lateness of freight trains which have much switching to do at intermediate stations. From the fact that the movement of the electric locomotive can be graduated so nicely a full third of the time usually occupied by the steam locomotives can be saved, particularly as single empty cars unprovided with automatic couplers need never be bunted off by too rapid an approach of the engine, as frequently happens under switching conditions as they now are.

Again, the acceleration of the electric locomotive is so even that the freight cars of a comparatively long train are started, one after another, without jerking and without apparent strain. A weak draw bar is thus protected against sudden fracture, and no "easing off," with consequent reduction in speed and delay in getting under way, is necessary, as in the case of the steam locomotive. The electric locomotive, further, is fitted with a quick acting air-brake, the pressure for which is kept at its maximum by an automatic electric air pump, instead of the comparatively slow-acting steam brake which is usually attached to steam switching engines. The highest rate of speed permissible in such cases may, therefore, be indulged in with the certainty of a quick stop, should occasion require it.

The handles with which an electric locomotive may be operated is another point in its favor. There is neither the internal pressure of the steam against the throttle valve nor the stiffness and weight of the link reversing gear to overcome. A dainty controller handle, which could be moved by a child, and a reversing handle almost equally light and movable open and arrange the paths for the current.—Cassier's Magazine.

### Inconsequential.

His Ludship—But you Americans make such a row about the most inconsequential things, don't ye know.

Miss Columbia—Yes, I suppose it does annoy you to be lionized.—Detroit News.

—The mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople was built over 1,000 years ago, and the mortar used is said to have been perfumed with musk. The musky odor is still perceptible.